

## Traditional Croatian Poem

### Written by an Immigrant to California

This poem was written by Antone B. Rilovich who was born in 1883 in Radovčiči, Konavle, Austria (today in Croatia). His father was Božo Rilović; his mother was Luce Borković. He immigrated to California in 1903, and wrote and self-published this poem in San Mateo, California, in 1910. He was a cement contractor in San Mateo at that time.

He married Ethyl McEvoy in 1933 in Carson City, NV. They had no children. He died in 1956 in Marin County, California, and is buried in the Valley Catholic cemetery in Watsonville, California.

This poem is in a traditional form, meant to be sung and accompanied by a *gusle* – a traditional Baltic single-stringed instrument that is bowed.

Songs performed with the *gusle* represent an important part of the oral tradition of the Balkan people. Most often, they are epic folk songs that tell of heroic deeds, battles, heroism and important historical events. The musician sings the long verse poems, accompanies himself on the *gusle*, and in this way helps to transmit the collective memory of the people from generation to generation.

In addition to songs of heroic deeds, songs about love, justice, betrayal and everyday life struggles were also sung.

Note that much of this poem rhymes in the Croatian language, however no attempt was made to make it rhyme in English.

This poem, in booklet form, was found in several places in California. This copy is from the Pajaro Valley Historical Assn. archive in Watsonville, CA.

The original translation was by Katherine Ivanovich (1933–2021) of Watsonville. Edits to the translation were made in 2023 and 2025 in Croatia.

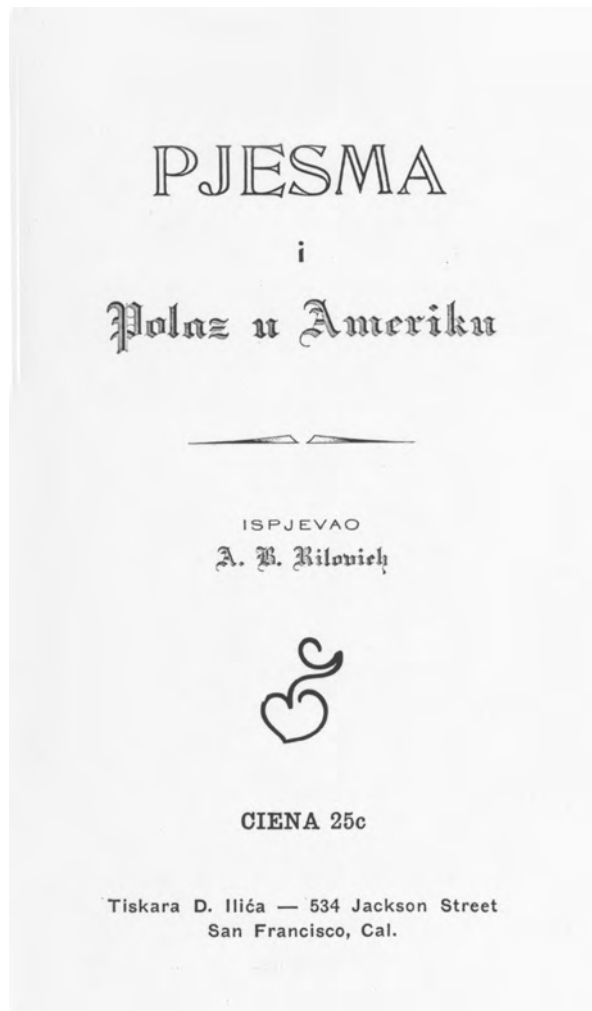


▲ A. B. Rilovich and his cement contracting crew in San Mateo, CA, around 1910. Mr. Rilovich is standing, 5th from left.

Antone B. Rilovich, around 1907 in California. Photo from David Stolich of Watsonville, CA.



Original cover. Note hand-stitching.





### PJESMA I POLAZ U AMERIKU.

—o—

Ispjevao: **A. B. Rilovich**

—o—

Na hiljadu devete stotine  
I suviše desete godine,  
Dvades petog ožujka mjeseca  
Kad se nešto jesam promislio  
I u ruke pero uhvatio,  
Da opišem ovu bandu svijeta  
Što je ljepša od svakoga cvjeta.  
Za to brate odviše je dobra  
Jer je u njoj velika sloboda;  
Hoću nešto i od starom kraju,  
Od našem zemaljskomu raju;  
Pomoz Bože i Bogorodice  
Sve slavjanske naše porodice.  
Molim ti se Bože stvoritelju,  
Daruj meni ti tvojega dara  
I u sree plemenita žara,

### POEM / SETTING OUT for AMERICA

—o—

By : **A. B. Rilovich**

—o—

One thousand nine hundred  
And ten years more,  
On the 25th of the month of March  
When I did think about something  
And I took pen in hand,  
To write about this side of the world  
Which is more beautiful than any flower.  
The reason is, brother, that it is so very good  
Because of its great freedom;  
I wish to add something about the Old Country,  
About our heaven on earth;  
I pray to God and the Mother of God  
To help all of our Slavic families.  
I pray to You, God Creator,  
To give me Your gifts  
And in my heart a noble spirit,

Da pokažem mojim zemljacima  
Što trpimo u ovim zemljama ;  
Jer neznaju što mi amo znamo  
Zato letu svaki dan ovamo.  
Ali i ja braćo moja draga  
Kad sam bio u našem kraju  
I mene je neka miso vukla,  
A u galvu mnoga želja tukla  
Doć' ovamo pa nakopat' zlata,  
Pa se vratit na rodjena vrata.

\* \* \*

Dan za danom i ta zeman dodje,  
Jedno jutro rano prije zore  
Ja ostavih moje bjele dvore,  
I pohitih Grudi na štaciju  
To je bilo na svetu Luciju  
U ta doba, kad zenjiva trava,  
Mene moja dopratila mlada  
I još dosta drugijeh jarana.  
U ta doba dojuri mašina,  
I ja podjoh gradu Dubrovniku  
Bilo nas je desetak mladića,  
Što hoćemo svi u Ameriku.  
Kad smo došli u Gružu na Rivu  
Roditelji naske dopratiše  
I s nama se oni zagrlīše,  
Ajte djeco da se poljubimo  
I u tomu da se oprostimo.

So that I may show my countrymen  
What we endure in this country.  
Because they don't know what we here know,  
So they run over here every day.  
However, my dear brothers,  
When I was in our Old Country,  
And I, too, was drawn by a certain idea,  
And many a desire beat in my head  
To come here and dig for gold,  
Then return to the door of the home of my birth.

\* \* \*

Day after day and that time was upon us.  
One morning early before dawn,  
I left my beautiful home  
And hastened to reach Gruda station.  
That would have been on St. Lucy Day.  
At that time when grass was sprouting  
My girlfriend came to accompany me  
And a lot of young men.  
Meanwhile, a [railroad] car raced up  
And I headed for Dubrovnik.  
There were about ten of us young men  
All wanting to go to America.  
When we got to the waterfront in Gruz  
With our parents accompanying us.  
And we hugged each other.  
Go, children. Let us kiss each other  
And thereby say goodbye.



Rodbina je nama izkazala  
I u tome blagoslov davala  
A niz obraz suze oboriše  
Kada s nami oni govoriše;  
Ajte zbogom naši mili sini  
U putu vam dobra sreća bila,  
Americi zemlji dovodila,  
I s vami se djeco veselili  
I da bi se sretni nadesili  
I novaca brzo zadobili,  
Roditelje svoje pomagali,  
Putne troške doma povraćali;  
Treba da se sada sve odaja  
Ostaj zbogom moja majko stara;  
Zbogom naša mila domovina,  
Dalmatinska naša pokrajina;  
Kada braćo tako promislimo,  
Americi hodit namislimo  
Tad niz obraz suze oborismo.

\* \* \*

Otolen se braćo podigosmo,  
Mi podjosmo morem niz obalu,  
Do Triešća, grada bieloga  
I do Trsta brzo dojedrismo  
I na kraj se odma iskreali  
Tu smo stali dva biela danka,  
I platismo po dva srebrenjaka;  
U to doba tamburina tuče

Relatives bade us farewell  
And thus gave us their blessing  
While down their cheeks tears flowed  
When they talked to us;  
Goodbye, our beloved sons.  
May you have a happy journey,  
That brings you to America,  
And kids, may America be happy with you.  
And may you have opportunities  
And earn money quickly,  
That you would be helping your parents,  
And paying back your travel expenses to them;  
Now we must separate  
“Goodbye, my dear mother;  
Goodbye, our beloved homeland,  
Our little province of Dalmacia;”  
When we think about this, brothers,  
That we are going to America  
Then tears flow down our cheeks.

\* \* \*

From there we started out,  
And went by sea along the coast,  
We sailed to Trieste, the beautiful city.  
And we got there quickly  
And we stepped on the shore  
Staying there two whole days,  
And each paying two silver coins;  
At that time a little drum sounds

Ko će hodit nek valizu vuče.  
U mašinu mi se ukreasmo,  
Niz Hrvatsku brzo proćerasmo,  
Dok dodjosmo Beču bielome,  
Što no ti je eviet od svieta.  
Tu smo stali nekolika sata  
I otolek zdravo odlazismo  
Put Berlina, grada okrenusmo,  
Broz Berlina zdravo prolazismo  
U Hamburgu gradu naćerasmo  
Kad u Hamburg brate uljegosmo  
Suzam naše lišce oblivasmo  
Nemore se očima gledati,  
A kamo li po njemu šetati.  
Kroz ulice uvedeno more,  
Smrdi brate da ne more gore,  
Tu njemačkog broda uhvatismo,  
I u njemu krevet napravismo;  
A kad bismo preko okeana,  
A da čuješ krike od momaka  
Na osamnaes mjeseca aprila  
Kad nevjera morska udarila  
Stoji piska mladih kapitana  
Stoji graja po brodu mornara.  
Mi u tomu na noge skočismo,  
Oko sebe pluto objesismo,  
Da ti kažem još i jednu goru,  
Makina se slomila na brodu;

Who wishes to go, let him drag his own suitcase.  
We got into a railroad car,  
Through Croatia\* we quickly pass,  
Until we got to beautiful Vienna,  
Which is the flower of the world.  
We were there several hours  
And we leave there in good health  
On our way to Berlin, the city we set out for,  
We pass through Berlin in good health  
When we approached Hamburg  
When we entered Hamburg, my brother  
Tears run down our faces  
We cannot see with our eyes  
Let alone walk around.  
Seawater covers the streets,  
The smell can not be worse,  
There we caught a German ship,  
And on it we made our beds;  
Once on the ocean when we set sail,  
You should hear the screams of the young men  
On the eighteenth of April  
When the sea storm hits  
There is the screeching of the young captains  
There is the uproar of the sailors on the boat.  
In the midst of all this we jump to our feet,  
And we each put on a life vest,  
Let me tell you something worse,  
The engine of the ship broke down;

Tu smo stali dva biela dana,  
To je bila naša teška rana,  
Evo sade umirati vaja  
Djemija nam u dublje upada,  
Svaki nešto svoje spominjaše  
Roditelje svoje preziraše,  
Koji su nas u sviet spremili  
I u take muke odpravili  
Neki veli de si moja majko  
Drugi veli pomози me brajko,  
Koja bi nas majka saslušala  
Svakoju bi tuga obujala.  
Neki veli djesi mi sestrice  
A ja vičem zbogom vjerenice.  
Tako tužne danke prolazismo,  
K Nevjorki gradu dohodismo,  
Sad ćeš videt jada i gorega  
Ne nadjosmo nikoga našega,  
Sve čujemo neke razgovore,  
Što Englezi medju se govore;  
Razumjeti ništa nemogosmo  
U velike misli ujegosmo  
Stoji viska na more brodova  
Zvonjavina na suvu mašina  
I ja podjok k jednomu žandaru  
Pokazak mu moju putnu kartu  
Odvede nas on do željeznice  
Koja vodi do zemlji zlatnice,

We stayed there two whole days.  
That was our great pain,  
That we must die there  
Meanwhile the boat is sinking deeper,  
As each one begins to recall his memories  
Scorning parents,  
Blamed for sending sons out into the world  
And putting them through such suffering  
One says, Where are you, my mother?  
Another says, Help me, brother.  
Any mother who would hear us  
Would be overtaken with grief.  
Someone says, Where are you, my sister?  
I am yelling, Goodbye, my love.  
Such terrible days we live through  
To New York City we arrive,  
Now you will see even worse sorrow  
We find none of our people,  
We keep hearing some conversations,  
That the Americans are having among themselves;  
We understand nothing  
And we are greatly worried  
There is the noise of ships on the sea  
And the clamor of engines on land.  
And I go to a policeman  
And show him my ticket  
He takes us to the train  
Which goes to the gold country,

I otole zdravo odlazismo  
Na planine brzo dojezdismo,  
Tu vidjesmo divje medjedine,  
I jejine nemile ptičine.  
Tu smo braćo zdravo prolazili  
Kaliforni ravnoj dolazili,  
Tu našije dosta nahodismo  
I s njima se ljepo pozdravljismo;  
Mi niz obraz suze oborismo,  
Sami sobom vako govorismo:  
“Ko će sada stati u gradove,  
Imati će velike troškove,  
Pjate prati, za narod kuhati,  
Domovinu pozaboraviti;  
S Inglezicam ljubav zavoditi,  
Neka znadeš ko po gradu šeće,  
Nikad svoje kuće videt neće.  
Inglezice njima ljube lišće  
I ogule njihove toboće  
Izvan grada teško je raditi,  
Na pet ura valja ustajati,  
U kominu vatru naložiti  
A po podne do osam raditi  
Sad ne mogu od toga pjevati,  
Nego ću vam drugu kazivati.  
— Kad rabotaš ti za gospodara,  
Na tavan ćeš krevet napravjati  
Blanketinu nato prostrirati

And from here we leave in good health  
We reach the mountains quickly,  
We see wild bears  
And owls — unpleasant birds.  
Through there, brothers, we passed in good health  
Straight to California,  
There we meet many Croatians,  
And we greet each other warmly;  
We shed tears on being greeted,  
We say to ourselves:  
“Whoever will stay in the cities,  
Will have large expenses,  
Wash dishes, cook for people,  
Begin to forget the homeland;  
Seduce American girls  
Know that he who strolls around town,  
Will never again see his own home.  
American girls kiss them  
And empty their wallets.  
Outside of town it is hard to work,  
One must get up at five o'clock,  
Start a fire in the fireplace  
And work until eight o'clock at night  
Now I can't sing about that,  
Rather I will tell you another story.  
— When you work for a boss,  
You will make your bed in an attic  
Spreading out an old blanket



I na tomu tebe vaja spati;  
Na četiri treba ti ustati,  
I za sebe ručak pripravit,  
Pa u štalu konjsku pohitati  
I sve konje brzo očistiti;  
Eto konje ostanuli pusti,  
Vaja tebi iti krave musti,  
Do šest sati da je uredjeno,  
Na rabotu drugu polećemo  
Sve prokleta tako odredjeno  
I u večer da je namireno;  
Pojane\*ću sada ostaviti  
Ko u mine hoće rabotati  
Novaca će nešto prikupiti,  
Al će zdravlje svoje izgubiti;  
I iz mine ćelav izlaziti;  
Kad u minu hoće rabotati,  
Svakijem se vaja oprostiti,  
Nije lako muke podnositi  
Ni u zemlji brate rabotati,  
Jer svieća u kraj tebe gori,  
Tjelo ti se sa kamenom bori  
Ruke radu nikad ne patišu  
U dubini velikom jamini  
Dje ne vidiš sunca ni mjeseca.  
Slušaj brate kakva ti je ova  
Kad po tebi stane ljevat voda,  
Kad tuneli stanu propadati,

And on that you will have to sleep;  
At four o'clock you must get up,  
And fix breakfast for yourself,  
Then you must go to the horse stall in haste  
And clean all the horses quickly;  
Then abandoning the horses,  
You must milk the cows,  
It must all be done by six o'clock,  
Then run off to another job  
Everything is so damn specific  
And in the evening we must tend the animals again  
Now I will leave the barn  
He who wishes to work in the mines  
Will gather together some money,  
But he will lose his health;  
He will leave the mine baldheaded;  
He who wishes to work in the mine,  
Has to say goodbye to all of his people,  
It is not easy to withstand the drudgery  
Nor to work in the earth, brother,  
Because the lamp near you burns,  
Your body fights the rock  
Hands work without stopping  
In the depths of a big hole  
Never seeing sunlight nor moonlight.  
Listen, brother, what do you think of this  
When water pours over you from above,  
When tunnels start to fail,

\*probably pojate, an outbuilding for hay and animals

Tinberima kosti škriputati,  
Prodji mi se ovieh nesreća,  
Grdje jesu od svih tamnica;  
Vazda gledaš gdje ćeš poginuti,  
U jaminu kosti ostaviti,  
Sada ćemo mine ostaviti,  
Jerbo braćo kad o njima pišem,  
Iz dna srea mojega uzdišem,  
Nije šala braćo moja draga,  
Bit u njima dvie godin dana,  
U dubini petnes stotin noga  
Ali isto milom Bogu hvala,  
Bijah nešto prikupio para,  
Sada ćemo mine završiti,  
Od planinam nešto govoriti.

I živine o tomu poznadu,  
Da junaci sjekire imaju,  
Svaki nosi bugarkinju pilu  
Moraš pitat planinkinju Vilu,  
Sunce grije, oganj nas popije,  
I tako se na suncu palimo,  
U potoku vode ne želimo,  
Al po voji mi to ne činimo,  
Pogledajte moja braćo dična,  
Kako nama Nedija osvića,  
Nemoremo braćo dugo spati,  
Vaja nama ranije ustati

When the bones of the timbers creak,  
Deliver me from these disasters,  
They are worse than any dungeon;  
You are always looking at where you can die,  
And leave your bones in this earthen pit,  
Now we will leave the mines,  
Because, brothers, when I write about them,  
I sigh from the bottom of my heart,  
It is no joke, my dear brothers,  
To be in them for two years,  
At a depth of fifteen hundred feet  
Still, I am thankful to God  
That at least I saved some money,  
Now we will finish with the mines,  
And say something about the mountains.

Even animals know  
That heroes have axes,  
Everyone carries a Bulgarian saw  
You must ask a mountain fairy,  
The sun is hot; its fire melts us,  
And so in the sun we burn,  
But we refuse water from the stream,  
We are not doing this because we want to.  
Take a look, my proud brothers,  
At how Sunday is for us.  
We can't sleep long, brothers  
We must arise early

I za naske ručak pripraviti,  
I ostale posle opremiti;  
Vaja nami kruha umjesiti,  
Neki veli ja ću jošter spati,  
Drugi veli idem robe prati,  
Treći veli idem gaće šiti,  
A četvrti idem se obriti.  
— U mladosti sve to pretrpimo,  
Nikakvoga dobra ne vidimo,  
Brzo će nam zemlja omrznuti,  
Amerika hoće propanuti,  
A rabota u njoj potamnjeti;  
Zbog rabote mi se svi gubimo,  
Našu svetu vjeru pomećemo,  
Svaki danak mi Boga vredjamo,  
Nikada se ne ispovjedamo;  
Nit u crkvu nedjeljno idemo.  
Istina je moja braćo mila,  
Da je ova zemlja bogatija,  
Po zakonu u svakom je redu,  
Koja čini našu kosu sjedu,  
Al za ludu kad je propanula  
Jer pravica u njom nestanula,  
U njom ćemo jadni ostariti  
I liepu mladost potrošiti,  
U bogatoj zemlji Americi  
Koja no se po svem svijetu slavi.  
Našu momčad i bije i davi;

And make a meal for ourselves,  
And do our other chores;  
We must knead the bread dough,  
One says, I will sleep a little longer,  
Another says, I'm going to wash some clothes,  
A third says, I'm going to mend my pants,"  
A fourth, "I am going to shave.  
— In our youth we bear all this,  
We see nothing good,  
Soon we will dislike this land.  
America will be ruined for us,  
And work in America will lose its brightness,  
As to work, we are losing our values because of it.  
Our Holy Faith is being swept away,  
Every day we offend God,  
We never confess;  
Nor do we go to church on Sunday.  
It is the truth, my dear brothers,  
This land is richer,  
By its laws everything is fine,  
But it makes our hair gray,  
All for nothing, since it has gone  
Because there is no justice anymore,  
Here we unfortunates will get old  
Wasting our beautiful youth,  
In the rich country of America  
Which is celebrated throughout the world,  
Which takes our youth and beats and chokes it;

Ali braćo ašati nećimo  
Nit protivno zemje govoriti  
Jer je dobra u nekome redu,  
Al u nekom izvanjskom pogledu  
Za nas braćo odveće je tvrda  
Jer neznamo škole ni jezika,  
Puri badje Boža ti je vjera  
Sada vidim da sam sgrešio,  
I planove moje pomrsio,  
Redno moje mjesto ostavio,  
Ak' s Englezom hoćeš govoriti  
Oba uha vaja naperiti  
Pa nesreću koju razumjeti  
Engelz zbori kada zuba nema  
Ako li ćeš pristat govoriti  
Nausnice vaja prikupiti  
A jezikom dobro podmatati  
Dati kažem još i jednu vječnu,  
Mnogo ima mladih fraula  
Kad ih vidiš da po gradu šeću,  
Sve na njima svila i kadifa  
O grlo im sve visu gerdani,  
Na nogama žute štopelice  
U pasu su tanke, a visoke  
Izgledaju ko sa gore vile  
Kada nose modre tabarine,  
Svake vrsti korduniće fine  
A niz pleći žute pletenice

But brothers, we will not give up  
Nor talk against the country  
Because it is good in some ways,  
But from an outside view,  
It is too hard for us, brothers  
Because we are not schooled nor know the language,  
It is pretty bad, believe you me  
Now I see that I have made a mistake  
And thwarted my plans,  
Left my birthplace,  
If you wish to talk to an American  
You have to perk up your ears  
To understand some confusing thing  
The American talks as if he has no teeth  
If you wish to talk  
You must close your lips  
And work your tongue  
Let me tell you something even bigger,  
There are many young frauleins  
Who when you see them strolling about town,  
Are all in silk and velvet,  
Necklaces around their throats,  
And on their feet dressy yellow shoes  
They are narrow in the waist, and tall  
They look like fairies from the forest  
When they wear blue capes,  
All kinds of fine ribbons  
And down their backs, blond braids,

Kada šeću kao paunice  
Kada zboru kao golubice  
Kad se smiju, naše srce griju.  
Zato ćemo mlade milovati  
S vremenom se vaja rastavjati  
Demovinu našu pohajati,  
Tu hoćemo mladost provoditi,  
Svaki svoju ljubu zadobiti,  
Ako mlade neće nas slušati,  
Tojagami mi će mo lupati,  
Sad čujete moja braćo draga,  
Nepuštite da vas drugi vara,  
Ako čovjek ima svoga sina,  
Ne spremaj ga devet hiljad milja,  
Da ostavlja tu zemlju ubavu  
Pa da ide u ovu državu,  
Neki naši kada doma dodju,  
Učini se velika gospoda,  
Lažu falu, a o jađu radu  
Za zamota kakvu curu mladu,  
Da je vodi put zemlje bogate  
I još kad je u staromu kraju,  
Sve pobuni našu momčad mladu  
Pa da njima putni trošak platu  
Jer nestalo u špagu taljera  
Dosta slabo boža tie vjera  
U hanbaru žita nestanulo  
Ženi treba kupiti papuče

When they stroll like peacocks  
When they talk like doves  
When they laugh they warm our hearts.  
So we will hug them  
In time we must go our separate ways  
We will visit our homeland,  
There we wish to spend our youth,  
Each to find his own sweetheart,  
If the young ladies won't listen to us,  
We will hit them with sticks, [meant jokingly]  
Now listen my dear brothers,  
Don't let others take advantage of you,  
If a man has a son,  
He shouldn't send him nine thousand miles away,  
So that he leaves that beautiful land  
To come to this country.  
Some of our people when they get home,  
Act like they are well-to-do,  
They lie and boast, causing trouble  
Hoping to fool some young girl,  
Who thinks she will be taken to a rich land  
And while still in the Old Country ,  
They stir up our young men  
So that they would pay their way  
Because they have no more money in their pockets,  
It's very bad, believe you me  
In the barn there is no more wheat  
The wife needs new sandals



Svega brate nestalo kod kuće;  
Zato vaja sada ostaviti  
I put ove zemlje odlaziti  
Ali dobro ako ima koga  
Da ga sada vodi preko mora,  
Za to braćo i moji zemljaci  
Nemojte se vi sada kajati  
Imali ste očima gledati  
Sinovima svojim upravljati  
Da služimo slavnog gospodara,  
Frana Joza — našega Ćesara,  
Frana Josip mila j' majka naša  
Kako znađe i dobrotu vašu,  
On je naše zemlje uredio  
I po njima škole postavio,  
Za to ćemo njega poštovati,  
Roditelje naše poslušati  
Bog pomogo naše roditelje.  
Koji su nas ljepo uzgojili  
I bielom mlićkom zadojili,  
I oni nas po svijetu spravili  
Za nas jesu novce pozajmili,  
Proplaćimo za to mila svojta,  
Koliko je na stotinu skonta,  
Po stotinu dvanest fiorina  
Što siromah suzama obliva,  
A šta ću vam dugo besjediti  
I premetat brda i doline

All kinds of things are needed at home;  
That's why it must be left behind  
And go to this country [America]  
Well enough if there is someone  
To lead you over the sea,  
So then, brothers, my countrymen  
Don't feel sorry now  
You should have used your eyes  
To direct your sons  
To serve our celebrated sovereign,  
Franz Joseph — our Caesar,  
Franz Joseph, dear as our mother  
As your goodness knows,  
Put our lands in order  
And on them put schools,  
For that we will honor him  
And obey our parents.  
God help our parents,  
Who raised us well  
And with mother's milk nurtured us,  
And got us ready for the world  
They borrowed the money for us,  
Let's weep for that, dear kinfolk,  
How much is it from one hundred?,  
One hundred and twelve fiorins  
Which a poor man drenches with tears,  
Why should I keep talking  
And wander over hills and valleys

Lakardia kupus ne začínja  
Već slanina i debelo meso,  
Vrieme dodje, vaja ostaviti,  
Na rabotu drugu pohitati,  
Da si zdravo domovina mila  
Ljepi pozdrav svima Konavlima  
I u njima ljepim djevojkama  
Bokezicam i mladim Obodkam  
Hercegovkam i mladim Cavstatkam,  
Preko luke naše mile župke,  
Dubrovkinje rođa gospodskoga  
Sve do Zadra grada bieloga  
Bog pomogo cjelu Austriju.  
Austriju do Beča bjeloga.  
Ovo piše Rilović Antune,  
Iz liepe zemlje Kaliforne,  
Iz San Mateo — bieloga grada,  
Sad vas molim moja braćo draga  
Nemojte mi štogod zámjeriti,  
Ni pjesmi se ovoj narugati,  
Jer bi srce to željelo moje  
Da se mogu izraziti bolje,  
Njesam išo u velike škole,  
Za to braćo ja ne mogu bolje;  
Pena mi se sada istopila,  
U boei mi nestalo crnila.  
San Mateo, Cal.

**A. B. Rilovich.**

Lies don't season kale,  
But bacon and fatty meats do,  
The time has come; we need to go,  
We need to hasten to another job,  
Good health to you, my beloved homeland  
Kind greetings to all of Konavle  
And to all the pretty girls there  
Those from Boka and the young girls from Obod,  
Hercegovina, and the young ones from Cavtat,  
Over the bay our dear ladies from Zupa,  
The Dubrovnik ladies of rank  
All the way to the beautiful town of Zadar  
May God help all of Austria  
Austria to beautiful Vienna.  
This is written by Antun Rilovich,  
From the beautiful land of California,  
From San Mateo — a lovely town,  
Now I beg you, my dear brothers,  
Don't blame me for any of this,  
Nor laugh at this poem,  
Because in my heart I would wish  
That I could better express myself,  
I didn't go to higher schools,  
So, brothers, I can't do better;  
My pen has run out,  
There is no ink left in the bottle.

San Mateo, Cal.

—A. B. Rilovich

*Translated by Katherine Ivanovich of Watsonville, CA, in  
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